Encountred yet his Better, I have heard
Two emulous Philomels, beate the eare o'th night
With their contentious throates, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then againe the firſt,
And by and by out breaſted, that the ſence
Could not be judge betweene 'em: So it far'd
Good ſpace betweene theſe kineſmen; till heavens did
Make hardly one the winner: weare the Girlond
With joy that you have won: For the ſubdude,
Give them our preſent Iuſtice, ſince I know
Their lives but pinch'em; Let it here be done:
The Sceane's not for our ſeeing, goe we hence,
Right joyfull, with ſome ſorrow. Arme your prize,
I know you will not looſe her: *Hipolita*
I ſee one eye of yours conceives a teare
The which it will deliver. *Floriſh.*

Emil. Is this wynning?
Oh all you heavenly powers where is you mercy?
But that your wils have ſaide it muſt be ſo,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miſerable Prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him, then all women;
I ſhould, and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pitty
That fowre ſuch eies ſhould be ſo fixd on one
That two muſt needes be blinde fort.

Theſ. So it is. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 4. *Enter Palamon and his Knightes pyniond: Iaylor, Executioner &c. Gard.*

Ther's many a man alive, that hath out liv'd
The love o'th people, yea i'th ſelfeſame ſtate
Stands many a Father with his childe; ſome comfort
We have by ſo conſidering: we expire
And not without mens pitty. To live ſtill,
Have their good wiſhes, we prevent
The loathſome miſery of age, beguile
The Gowt and Rheume, that in lag howres attend
For grey approachers; we come towards the gods

Yong

Yong, and unwapper'd not, halting under Crymes
Many and ſtale: that ſare ſhall pleaſe the gods
Sooner than ſuch, to give us Nectar with 'em,
For we are more cleare Spirits. My deare kinſemen.
Whoſe lives (for this poore comfort) are laid downe,
You have ſould 'em too too cheape.

1. *K.* What ending could be
Of more content? ore us the victors have
Fortune, whoſe title is as momentary,
As to us death is certaine: A graine of honour
They not ore'-weigh us.

2. *K.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience, anger tottring Fortune,
Who at her certain'ſt reeles.

3. *K.* Come? who begins?

Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this Banket, ſhall
Taſte to you all: ah ha my Friend, my Friend,
Your gentle daughter gave me freedome once;
You'l ſee't done now for ever: pray how do'es ſhe?
I heard ſhe was not well; her kind of ill
gave me ſome ſorrow.

Iaylor. Sir ſhe's well reſtor'd,
And to be marryed ſhortly.

Pal. By my ſhort life
I am moſt glad on't; Tis the lateſt thing
I ſhall be glad of, pre'thee tell her ſo:
Commend me to her, and to peece her portion
Tender her this.

1. *K.* Nay lets be offerers all.

2. *K.* Is it a maide?

Pal. Verily I thinke ſo,
A right good creature, more to me deſerving
Then I can quight or ſpeake of.

All K. Commend us to her. *They give their purſes.*

Iaylor. The gods requight you all,
And make her thankefull.

Pal. Adiew; and let my life be now as ſhort,
As my leave taking. *Lies on the Blocke.*